

# The Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1918

One Penny.

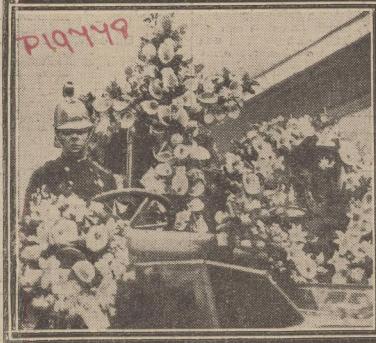
## LAST TRIBUTES TO DEAD HEROES.



The cortège passing the scene of the disaster. Thousands watched what was an imposing pageant.



Lord Crewe (x), chairman of the L.C.C.



Eight motor fire engines carried the wreaths.

"SPOKE WITH AUTHORITY."



General Foch, who, says the French Expert Commentator, "spoke with particular authority" at the historic conference of the Allies at Versailles. Complete agreement was established between the Governments and military leaders.



Carrying the coffins into St. Mark's Church, Kennington.

The funeral took place yesterday of the officers and men of the London Fire Brigade who lost their lives when a wall collapsed on the Albert Embankment. The band of the L Division of the Metropolitan Police assisted with the music, and every branch of the L.C.C. services and ninety provincial fire brigades sent representatives.

## FAME AT A BOUND

Miss Elizabeth Burke Sheridan, a pretty Irish girl, who has appeared at the Costanzi in Rome. This is the first time for more than twenty years that a British singer has been heard at this famous opera house. Miss Sheridan, who is an orphan, was brought up in a convent, and is a protégée of Lady Howard de Walden and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

## M.P.'S FOOD STORE—HEAVY FINE.



Mr. W. J. MacGeagh MacCaw, M.P. for West Down, who was fined £400 under the food hoarding order at Oxted yesterday, had to run the gauntlet of cameras, but was well hidden by his umbrella. He is also seen in the circle.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

## ROMANCE OF ORPHAN GIRL'S RISE TO FAME.

### Wonderful Voice Leads to Grand Opera Triumph.

#### IRISH PRIMA DONNA.

An Irish orphan girl who was brought up in a convent, poor and unknown, but young and beautiful, has suddenly—in a night—achieved international fame as a prima donna in grand opera.

That is the romantic story, *The Daily Mirror* learned yesterday, which lies behind the brief cable message from Rome announcing that for the first time in over twenty years a British singer was to appear at the Costanzi, the famous home of grand opera in the Italian capital.

She is Miss Elizabeth Burke Sheridan, a protégée of Lady Howard de Walden, herself a great singer, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. She made her debut as *Mimi* in "La Bohème" on Sunday night, and was a great success.

Born at Castlebar (Co. Mayo) a little over twenty years ago, her parents died when she was quite a child, and she was brought up in an old Irish convent.

#### A MAGNIFICENT VOICE.

There she often used to be heard singing to herself, and soon it was recognised that she had a magnificent soprano voice, but she did not sufficiently realise its great possibilities if devoted to the stage. Her opportunity came, while on a visit to England, a friend of Mr. T. P. O'Connor heard her sing.

Mr. O'Connor was interested, as well as other Irish friends, and she was brought to London three or four years ago to study.

These friends were fully justified in believing that a great future was promised for young orphan girl, for she quickly developed a voice of clear, ringing beauty, and eight and eighteen months ago was sent to Rome to study for the operatic stage under Professor Martino.

Her progress under his tuition was rapid, but her success as *Mimi* in "La Bohème" at the Rome Costanzi was all the more remarkable because of the fact that she had never before appeared on the stage.

#### "BLOWN UP ON SOMME."

### Officer's Plea in Case Before a Court-Martial.

Second Lieutenant Edward Greville Thompson, Middlesex Regiment (tactical, R.F.C.), pleaded guilty before a general court-martial at Westminster yesterday to stealing a trench coat from the United Forces Club and a pair of boots from Queen Mary's Club for Officers.

In a statement defendant said that after having been rejected three times in 1914 he enlisted the following year and was later promoted to sergeant. He went through the battle of the Somme, and was recommended for a commission and was then promoted to R.F.C. "I do not know what made me do it," he said. "Since I was blown up on the Somme my mind seems to have gone wrong. I was not in need of money and I made no use whatever of the clothes I stole."

The Court's decision will be promulgated.

#### WHOSE IS THE CAT?

### "Wanderer" Stays with Woman, But Is Later Claimed.

An elderly woman asked Mr. de Grey at West London yesterday for advice about a starving cat which she had taken to her house two months ago and which she fed and had since kept. The other day someone saw the animal on the balcony and claimed it. "I want to know if I can keep it," said applicant.

Mr. de Grey: If it is her cat, you cannot, but she will have to summon you to give it up, and I should have difficulty in deciding whose cat it is.

I remember one such case when some persons declared that a cat belonged to the name "Tiny." They called the cat by that name, but it took no notice of any of them.

That is the way of cats. You cannot tame them as you can dogs. I should tell this person if I were you that she must sue you.

#### HUN FAIRY TALE OF THE FORTH.

#### ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

The German Wireless Press of February 4, quoting the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, states that news of the sinking of the *Hague* from a neutral source to the effect that on December 26 a large English warship, accompanied by torpedo-boats, ran on a mine and sank in the Firth of Forth.

There is no truth in this statement, nor has there occurred any incident on which a rumour to the above effect could be based.

During evening service at St. Mary's, Bath, on Sunday evening a young woman suddenly attacked two other women in the same pew, and was carried screaming from the church.



Cadet Bryant, who was poisoned, it is said, by a foreigner.



Mr. G. Russell, who it was announced last night, has resigned from the Irish Convention.

#### MAILED FIST FALLS.

### Socialist M.P. Sentenced in Berlin to Five Years' Imprisonment.

#### STRIKES ON THE WANE.

The mailed fist in Berlin has struck hard; the strikes are everywhere said to be on the wane and the courts-martial are busy in Berlin.

Her Dittmann, Independent Socialist Deputy, was arrested while attempting to address a strike meeting, has been sentenced by the courts-martial in Berlin to five years' fortress confinement for attempted high treason.

Heinrich Schulz, Independent Socialist, was condemned to six months' imprisonment for distributing leaflets inciting to strike.

The Social Democratic Party's request for the immediate convocation of the Reichstag has been refused.

According to Dutch labourers working in Germany, says a Central News message, machine guns were posted in "suspect" labour quarters of industrial centres.

The *Tageblatt* states officially that thirteen policemen were injured in Berlin.—Reuter.

#### KNOCKED DOWN BY 'BUS.

### £100 Damages Awarded by Jury to Ex-Foreign Office Official.

In the King's Bench Division yesterday Mr. Arthur Foster, of independent means, and a Foreign Office official, recovered £100 damages from the London General Omnibus Company Limited, for injuries sustained on October 26, 1916.

Plaintiff was crossing from a refuge in Park-lane to the pavement at Stanhope-gate when he was knocked down and badly bruised and was incapacitated from private business for some weeks.

#### DIED FOR DUTY.

### Impressive Scenes at Funeral of Seven Firemen Heroes.

The funeral took place yesterday of the seven officers and men of the London Fire Brigade who lost their lives owing to a wall collapsing during a fire on Albert Embankment, Lambeth.

The service was held at St. Mark's Kennington. There was a large attendance of the men's colleagues, and the Marquis of Crewe, chairman of the L.C.C., was present.

The Bishop of Southwark said that they were not so much in sorrow, but to pay reverence to the splendid example of duty unflinchingly done.

The long procession then made its way to Highgate, where the interment took place in the "Firemen's Corner." The coffins were each covered with a Union Jack and eight motor fire engines bore the floral tributes.

#### THE LORDS INSIST.

### Modified Scheme of P.R. Which May Delay Prorogation.

A new clause, the effect of which will be to apply proportional representation, as an experiment to every parliamentary borough returning three or four members, was added last night by the Lords to the Franchise Bill. The Committee, it will be remembered, struck out clauses introducing proportional representation generally.

Lord Selborne declared that proportional representation spelt all the difference between evolution and revolution.

The Lords also decided to insist on the clauses concerning the electorate vote.

These decisions may delay the prorogation of Parliament until Thursday or even later, although it is still hoped that it may be possible to end the session on Wednesday.

#### ULSTER WANTS SETTLEMENT.

Speaking at Belfast yesterday, Sir E. Carson denied that he was the one man who was an obstacle to the settlement of the Irish question. Ulster, he asserted, was in the foreground for a settlement, because until the Government under which they were to live and carry on their business was settled they could not have that security, peace, confidence and credit which were essential for the fullest development of their progress.

#### TRAMCAR KITCHENS.

### Scheme That Will Release Women for National Work.

#### MUSIC TO CHEAP MEALS.

Travelling kitchens for big towns—"tramcar kitchens," as they will be called—were foreshadowed by Alderman C. F. Spencer, Director of National Kitchens, at a conference at Grosvenor House yesterday.

"We shall need all the goodwill of the people if they are to be a success," he said. "We are out to change the feeding habits of the community. The greatest thing is the elimination of waste. We must have economy in food, fuel and kitchen necessities, and secure adequate supplies of food at low prices."

The national kitchens, he explained, would release many women from the arduousness of domestic life and enable some to carry out work of national importance. They also aimed, partially at any rate, at allaying the discontent which prevailed.

Travelling kitchens, they will be used to convey the food to the depots. The food can be kept hot while on the trams by an electrically-controlled apparatus.

The kitchens must be for all classes, and he did not see why the House of Commons dining-room could not be organised on communal kitchen lines. Gramophones and electric pianos might be placed in the kitchens.

#### YOUR RATION CARD.

### What to Do If You Have Not Received an Application Form.

All persons should have received by to-day an application form for a food ticket. If they have not done so they should apply at the local food office.

The forms should be filled in at once and returned to the local food office.

**Farmers Hold the Key.**—Addressing a meeting of the Farmers' Club yesterday, Mr. Simmons, Agricultural Adviser to the Ministry of Food, discussed the need for a policy of control.

Could it for a moment be argued, he asked, that farmers, holding as they did the key of the whole position regarding the production of the staple foods of the people, should remain uncontrolled in times like the present?

**Profiteering in Sausages.**—The Ministry of Food is making inquiries into the question of profiteering in sausages.

#### "THE JUDEANS."

### Unit of Jewish Battalion Marches Through London in Full Kit.

Much interest was aroused in London yesterday when four companies of the 38th and 42nd Battalions of the Royal Fusiliers, popularly known as "The Judeans," and composed entirely of Jews, marched with fixed bayonets, knapsacks and trench helmets from the Tower to Camperdown House.

The Lord Mayor took the salute from the balcony of the Mansion House.

At a luncheon at Camperdown House the Chief Rabbi gave the men his final blessing, and said that he felt confident that they would prove worthy followers of the ancient Jewish warriors

#### DESERTER'S ADVENTURES.

### Globe-Trotting Story of Soldier from Macedonia.

A story more like a sensational novel than the prosaic incidents of everyday life in war-time was told at Carmarthen yesterday by a man charged with theft.

He deserted, he said, from the Army in Macedonia and tramped over the Balkans, where he had to sleep out of doors.

Later he exchanged his uniform with a Greek for a Greek's rig, got a job on a transport and left the ship at Melbourne.

He worked at the gold diggings at Ballarat and at sheep shearing in Queensland. Afterwards he served as a ship's steward and became engaged to a French girl at Havre.

He deserted ship and arrived at Cardiff, tramped to Milford and, as he could not get a ship, he came to Carmarthen. He picked the pockets of a sergeant in his billet. The Bench sent him to prison for three months.

#### CONCESSIONS TO DISCHARGED MEN.

The Secretary of the Ministry of National Service announces that pending instructions for the protection of invalided or disabled soldiers and sailors who engage in work of national importance, no such men will be called upon to report either for service or for medical examination.

Instructions have already been given that any outstanding notices issued to such men are to be suspended.

#### SIR F. E. SMITH—A DENIAL.

The British Embassy has issued an official denial of a statement that Sir F. E. Smith has been recalled owing to alleged unfortunate public utterances, says a Central News Washington telegram.

#### M.P. FINED £400 FOR FOOD HOARDING.

### Local Feeling Over Supply Sent to Country House.

#### STOCKS CONFISCATED.

Mr. W. J. MacGeagh MacCaw, M.P. for West Down, was at Oxted yesterday fined £400, with thirty-five guineas costs, for food hoarding.

There were eight summonses, and these related to the following foodstuffs: Flour, biscuits, sage, tea, rice, tapioca, oatmeal, semolina, golden syrup and honey.

A summons against Mrs. MacCaw was withdrawn.

Mr. Roland Oliver, opening the case for the prosecution, said he was not going to contend that a man in defendant's position, living in a country house and with bad railway facilities, should get his food supplies daily or stand in a queue to buy them, and contented that he was only allowed to purchase enough which was reasonably required for his household.

Local complaints were made as to the amount of food that was being delivered at Rook's Nest, and on January 5 an inspection was made. The officers found the following stores:

24lb. tapioca.	53lb. tea.
154lb. rice.	435lb. flour.
59lb. oatmeal.	101lb. sugar.
153lb. semolina.	94lb. golden syrup.
100lb. biscuits.	21lb. honey.

At the time of the inspection it was stated that the bread was baked at the house, but he would be able to prove that the local baker had daily supplied the household with bread.

James Hull, inspector of the Ministry of Food, stated that he saw defendant on January 5 and told him that it had been reported that large quantities of food had been delivered at Rook's Nest and that there was a strong local feeling.

Witness then detailed the articles he found, and said that on January 8 he visited 103, Eaton-square, defendant's town house. There he found:

12lb. of tea.	47lb. of flour.
106lb. of rice.	28lb. of sage.
32lb. of tapioca.	15lb. of biscuits.
53lb. of oatmeal.	16lb. of golden syrup.

Defendant, the witness, said that in June last there was a meeting of members of Parliament, attended by Lord Devonport, who was questioned as to the position of large residences in the country.

Lord Devonport said that large country residences were justified in keeping a reasonable stock in reserve.

#### GOODS CONFISCATED.

Witness had reduced his usual stock. He had not the faintest idea how large the stocks of flour were. Arrangements had been made to bake bread at home.

Questioned as to whether he had exercised control over the household, witness said he always left that to Mrs. MacCaw.

He accounted for the sugar found on his premises by the fact that it was intended for jam making for the year.

His family consisted of himself and wife and his two daughters. He had a staff of fifteen.

The Bench acquitted the defendant on the summons in regard to golden syrup. With regard to all the other summonses they convicted. They made an order for the confiscation of the goods in question, the inspector to leave a sufficient supply of each article for the ordinary use of the household.

The **Deserted** **Flor.**—John Thomas Pringle, defendant, was fined £30 and costs at Lincoln yesterday for hoarding food. Defendant had on his premises two sacks of flour and smaller lots aggregating over 500lb.

#### KAISER'S NEW 'U' ORDER

### Decoration for Men Who Make Three Voyages of Ruthlessness.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The Kaiser has created a special war decoration for U-boat.

The decoration can be secured, according to Saturday evening's *Vossische Zeitung*, by officers, petty officers and crews of U-boats after making three voyages against the enemy.

#### NEWS ITEMS.

**Explosion at Prague.**—Many lives have been lost and stocks of munitions have been destroyed by the explosion of a munition depot at Prague.

**Vicar Sentenced.**—The Bishop of Lincoln passed sentence of deprivation upon the Rev. William Miller Reid, vicar of Harborough, for an offence under the Clergy Discipline Act.

**Halifax Disaster: Arrests.**—In connection with the Halifax disaster, caused by the collision between the *Montblanc* and the *Imo*, Captain Lamodes, of the former vessel, and Pilot McKay, of Halifax, have been charged with manslaughter.—Reuter.

**Penal Servitude for a Count.**—Pleading guilty at the Old Bailey yesterday to forging and uttering bills of exchange fourteen years ago (since when he had been a fugitive from justice), Count Maurice de Bosdari was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

At the Ring yesterday afternoon Joe Conn beat Bomber Curley Walker in a twenty rounds bout on points.



## CANON.



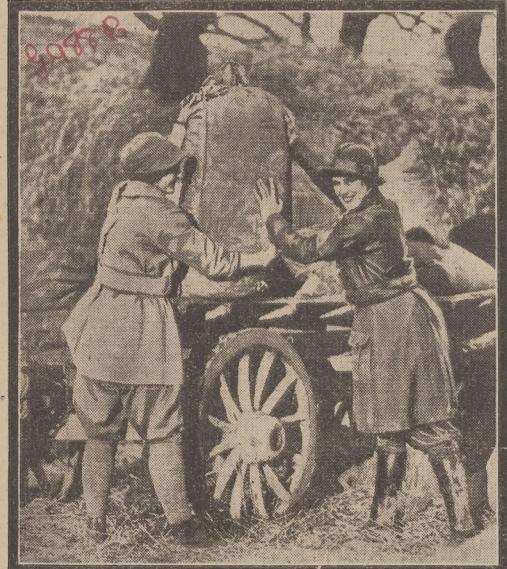
The Rev. W. J. Knox Little, M.A., Canon of Winchester, whose death is announced at the age of seventy-eight.

1923



DIED.—Mr. Francis Bond, M.A., F.G.S., A.R.I.B.A., a well-known writer on architectural subjects, who has just died.

## DEVONSHIRE GIRLS "DO THEIR BIT."



These girls in a village in Devonshire thresh out about eighty sacks of wheat every day.

## LORD ALBEMARLE AND THE CADETS.



General the Earl of Albemarle, K.C.V.O., C.B., paid special attention to the newly-formed cadets at an inspection of the Sussex Volunteers at Brighton on Sunday.

## NOBLEMAN'S PATRIOTIC EXAMPLE.



The Marquis of Bute ploughing up the lawn in front of the main entrance of his residence at Cardiff Castle. Lord Bute is taking part in the great "food offensive," by means of which it is hoped to achieve a decisive victory over the enemy. Cardiff Castle is one of the noblest mansions in the country, and contains many valuable treasures and objects of art.

19491

## FLYING OFFICER'S WEDDING.



Captain Francis J. Miller, R.F.C., and Miss Dorothy Dams were married at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Farnborough, on Saturday. The bride and bridegroom.

## A STAR AMONG THE SOLDIERS.



Miss Hetty King, the famous male impersonator, amusing wounded hero guests at the Victoria Club.

## THE NATIONAL GOWN



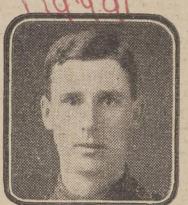
An attractive and durable dress, specially designed for the use of workers in Government offices.

1951A



FOR WOUNDED.—Mrs. Florence Peppercorn, who has given concerts and entertained 600,000 wounded soldiers and officers.

19491



M.C.—Lieut. R. A. Pepperell, of the Machine Gun Corps, has been invested by the King with the Military Cross.



Two dresses for different made from

The national gown has above pattern, designed several

## HONOURING A HERO.



General Puyperoux pinning the Croix de Guerre on Sergeant Lasserre for taking command of his company after his officer was killed.—(French official.)

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## HAS COME TO TOWN



national" dress, which, by means of the "harness," can be used as an outdoor dress.



They have both been pattern.

appearance at last. The Mrs. Hawkey, will make dresses.

## THE 'TIGER' AND THE FLYING MEN



Georges Clemenceau, the French Premier, recently did a visit to the aviation centre of one of the famous French squadillas.

## THREE PEOPLE IN THE NEWS



Lady Helen Seymour, an indefatigable war worker. She has been nursing the wounded since the outbreak of war.



Leading Stoker P. W. Edwards, now serving on a submarine, has been awarded the fourth class St. George Military Medal.



Mrs. Lacon, whose husband, Major Lacon, is attached to the Motor Transport, has been doing cantonment work for some time.

## "DEFALTERS."



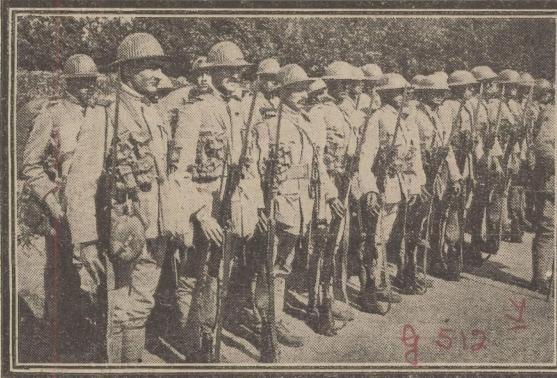
An entertainment called "The Defaulters," was recently given by a concert party of the 2nd Battalion North Lancashire Regiment in Palestine.

## PENGUIN QUEUE IN SCOTTISH ZOO.



Even the penguins at the Edinburgh Zoo have adopted the food queue habit. They are quick to imitate their feeders.

## OUR PORTUGUESE ALLIES AT THE FRONT.



Portuguese infantry in France wearing their steel helmets.



British troops back from the trenches take an opportunity of toasting the old folks at home in any sort of drinking vessel that may be to hand.

## SOME SPOILS OF CONQUEST.



A few of the steel helmets taken from prisoners during the Cambrai advance.—(British official.)



Tubes containing dynamite with which the Germans intended to blow up roads held by our army.—(British official.)

# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1918.

## SUBSTITUTES . . .

THE word *Ersatz* has become one of the commonest in the German vocabulary, during the last two years or so—*substitutes*. There is now in Germany a substitute for almost everything that once existed for food. There is a shadow behind every substance.

"If they can't get bread, why don't they eat cake?" said the great French lady; showing herself, by the hint, not quite such a bad economist and cruel creature as she is commonly supposed to have been. If they can't get bread, they eat bran. If they can't get coffee they drink chicory and sawdust. They cannot get meat. Therefore they eat fish. Fish fails. They eat potatoes. There are no potatoes. They eat mashes made of substances unnamed. So they continually shift ground, and fight the battle of food—now the main battle of the war!

This art of finding substitutes, and of being content with them, is, unfortunately, one in which our people are singularly slow and unimaginative. It is, with many of us, "the Sunday joint or nothing." We see the queues waiting patiently or impatiently for meat at a butcher's where there is none; while, across the way, there is a grocer's with substitutes—tinned foods and other possibilities. No. We will not have them. We are British and we will have our Beef. We will endure the losses in men and money, we will not too loudly complain of the countless anxieties and inconveniences of three and a half years of the war made in Germany, but we won't take this instead of that; fish instead of meat. We don't know how to cook it, if we do take it. Potatoes done in new ways? Vegetable soups? Even sausages? What are you thinking about? Sausages on Sunday! It is almost profane. . . .

The problem of the next few months is, from the point of view of the Navy, one of securing supplies; from that of the Food Controllers, one of distributing supplies; from that of the public, largely one of preparing, cooking, "stretching" and economising the supplies secured. And the main hope of success lies in "unity of control," once again. The same for all! And all to make the best use of the "same." . . .

It will be difficult, but it will surely be worth doing; because, for us, it will represent a real equivalent to mobilisation. It will be as it were our civilian entry into the fighting as an effective and enduring force. We come long, long after the enemy, so far, in food difficulty. Only our national habit of muddle can help us, therefore, to lose the food battle with him.

At present—for these weeks—two tendencies need correction; two difficulties are to be met immediately.

One, the pardonable difficulty, for the public, in understanding the Forms, Regulations, Counter-Regulations and Cross-Regulations issued in official English—which is almost to say balderdash—for their guidance, the difficulty of understanding what they are wanted to do.

Second, the danger of interference with the main effect of Food Control by dozens of minor authorities working at cross-purposes. The control and advisory committees, the mayors, the food inspectors, the storage authorities, the Board of Agriculture, the Producers' Associations, the farmers, the Production Department—they all work hard, but many of them work on private ideas of what is best for the public good, and co-ordination, the *essential* in the food problem, is neglected. . . . There must be greater unity and concentration from above, greater resource and patience from below if we are to "defeat Prussian militarism" in a war which in a *military sense* shows no sign even of beginning to end.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Nature has granted to all to be happy, if we only knew how to employ her gifts.—*Claudian.*



Lady Tredegar, who was recently "mentioned" for work in our own war hospital.

Miss Helen de Ponteles, one of the twin daughters of the Countess de Ponteles.

## LORDS AND COMMONS.

### An Interesting Anglo-American Engagement—Activity in the Theatres.

IT APPEARS probable that the present session of Parliament will go out like a lion. I hear that some vigorous "whipping" has been going on for the debate in the Commons today on the Representation of the People Bill as amended by the Lords. Nobody quite seems

## TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

**Time by the Forelock.**—I hear the Supreme Council of Sinn Fein, in view of the South Armagh defeat, is setting up permanent election committees all over Ireland. Mr. Redmond's constituency is being canvassed already.

**A Sinn Fein Staff.**—Mr. De Valera is so busy that he has had to appoint a private secretary. He has also a big clerical staff at his disposal. During office hours they speak nothing but Erse.

**For Irish Prisoners.**—The Countess of Huntington is, I learn, arranging several enterprises throughout Ireland in aid of Irish prisoners of war. She has proved herself successful both as organiser and entertainer.

**Japanese.**—People interested in Japan thronged Lady Liangattock's drawing-room

**Cheating Cheaters.**—Some foolish person unwittingly gave Miss Shirley Kellogg the advertisement of her life last night. During one of her most intense scenes in "Cheating Cheaters" he rushed into the Strand Theatre and shouted "Air raid!" But there was no panic. The actress held the audience enthralled.

**Thrills and Laughter.**—"Cheating Cheaters" is that rare thing, an American "crook" melodrama with a strong sense of humour. There are many—indeed constant—surprises, and the play is as full of thrills as it is of laughter.

**Splendid Acting.**—A great reception was accorded Miss Kellogg, who showed that she is an artist worthy of better things than revue. The evening was her triumph, in which Mr. Alec Fraser and all the others shared.

**Lusitania Survivor Engaged.**—I learn that Miss Virginia Loney, who was on the Lusitania when it was torpedoed, losing both her parents, is engaged to a United States naval airman. A good deal of her early life was spent at Guilsborough House, Northampton.

**An Alliance.**—Lieutenant Willmer, R.E., who is in the States with the British Mission, is, I hear, to marry Miss Annie Fish, of a prominent New York family. I should not be surprised to hear of more Anglo-American alliances as the war goes on.

**Convent to Grand Opera.**—Lady Howard de Walden and Mr. T. P. O'Connor will be delighted at the success in grand opera at Rome of their protégée, Miss Elizabeth Burke Sheridan. They took this orphan girl with the wonderful voice from a convent.

**They Have Not Heard.**—Neither has heard yet of her triumph. Mr. O'Connor is in the States and Lady Howard de Walden is resting from war work in the country. It was they who made possible Miss Sheridan's training under the best singing masters.

**Bishop's Mother.**—The other day, as you know, the Bishop of London celebrated his sixtieth birthday. It is not every man of his age who has a parent living; but the Prelate's mother is still alive, and here is her picture. Mrs. Winnington-Ingram is over ninety, and lives at Bournemouth, away from the distractions of London. She herself is the daughter of a Bishop—the Right Rev. Henry Pepys, who was Bishop of Worcester many years ago.



**Magnificent Land-owner.**—I hear that Mr. G. H. Prichard, Lord of the Manor of Witley, has given a beautiful villa to the Imperial Association for Disabled Officers, where they can be accommodated while they are training for a farming career.

**Lover of Music.**—I see the music-loving Priscilla Countess Annesley at most concerts I go to. At the Moseley recital she was sitting with Miss Marie Novello, the pianist.

**For Opera.**—Another music fanatic is Lady Cunard. I am told that her enthusiasm for the opera is likely to take a very practical form when the cessation of the war permits big enterprises.

**Three for Luck.**—Lady Brooke's little son, who arrived at Sheerwater Lodge on Saturday, makes the third, the other two being six and four years old respectively. Lady Brooke is the daughter of the late Sir William Eden.

**A Stage Romance.**—Mr. Bransby Williams told me yesterday of a truly romantic episode which is diversifying life for him at the moment. Years ago, before he went on the stage, he earned a living in the employment of a London merchant.

**The Sequel.**—He abandoned commerce and took to acting, with what result we all know. Now he is rejoicing in the fact that his daughter, Miss Winifred Bransby Williams, is engaged to the son of his former employer.

THE RAMBLER.

## HOW NOT TO TRAVEL BY TUBE.—No. 2.

THE "LEADER" OF THE DREARY PROCESSION ALONG TUBE PASSAGES IS INvariably A PERSON WHO SETS THE PACE AT ABOUT HALF-A-MILE AN HOUR



THEN, HAVING SLOWLY BOARDED A TRAIN, TAKES A FIRM STAND A SHORT WAY DOWN THE COMPARTMENT



Do not advance at a snail's pace in the middle of a corridor, with a vast crowd behind you, thereby stopping hundreds. Also, when once in the train, don't "hold up" the said crowd by standing stock still in the middle of the car, while there are plenty of seats at the far end. (By W. K. Haselden.)

to know what is going to happen, but excitement will mark the last hours of the session.

**Farmers' Candidates.**—I am told there is great grumbling among farmers over the official treatment of agriculture. At the next general election be prepared to see many farming candidates in the counties.

**Heckling Rhondda.**—They tell me that when Parliament reassembles some brother peers will question the Food Controller on the application of scientific methods to the preservation of foodstuffs.

**To Rest.**—I am sorry to hear that Lady Rhondda has been overworking, being not at all inclined to spare herself, and the result is that she has been ordered complete rest for at least a fortnight.

**No Bonus.**—There is not a word of truth in the rumour that some members of Parliament are thinking of a war bonus. Four hundred pounds a year does not go so far now as in ante-bellum days, though.

at Rutland-gate yesterday, when Mr. Dioscy discoursed on women's work in Nippon. I noticed Lady Swaythling, Lady Arnold and Lady Jean Taylor among them.

**Collaboration.**—Mr. Leon M. Lion tells me that he is, with Colonel John Buchan, making a play out of the latter's novel, "Greenvale." The destination of the piece is practically settled.

**More Lamb.**—We may have the traditional roast lamb this Easter after all. The Government's lamb order may be withdrawn.

**Shortages.**—It is only a coincidence; but simultaneously with the beef shortage there has been a scarcity of mustard. That pungent product has been hardly obtainable.

**A Noted Family.**—Miss Hilda Hankey, who brings out a children's book this season, is the sister of the gallant author of "A Student in Arms." Her other brother is Sir Maurice Hankey, principal secretary to the War Cabinet.

you  
**CANNOT**  
prevent this food ship  
going down  
**BUT**  
you  
  
**CAN**

get the "Friend-in-Need Potato Cookery Book" given free with THIS WEEK'S "HOME CHAT". (War time price 1½d.), and see that YOUR household does its bit towards making the most of POTATOES.

Luckily we have something like Two Million Tons more than usual of them, and even now, right in the midst of the "shortages," they are living (comparatively speaking) on the fat of the land in houses WHERE THEY KNOW HOW TO USE POTATOES.

Delicious Soups—Sweets—Stews—Savouries—Cakes—Pastries—you wonder how on earth they were managed—until somebody says, "You wouldn't think it—but that was POTATO!"

The FRIEND-IN-NEED POTATO COOKERY BOOK—free with THIS WEEK'S

**"HOME CHAT"**

(War time price 1½d.)—does not profess to give ALL the ways of using potatoes to the best advantage. Very likely it doesn't give some of the ways YOU know.

But in it are collected a surprising number of the VERY BEST and VERY SIMPLEST recipes there are—all tried and vouched for by GLADYS OWEN.

This Potato Cookery Book is the first of a splendid little series of Cookery Books that

**"HOME CHAT"**  
is giving away. And to say to your newsgent, "HOME CHAT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, PLEASE!" is the only SURE way of getting them.

Make sure of this  
Free Cookery Book,

**THE REMEMBERED KISS** BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**LORNA** and **PATRICK LOUGHLAND**, married to secure a fortune under a will. Lorna loves Patrick, but imagines he does not love her. She is also loved by

**FRANCIS SCOTT**, an acquaintance met in London. **MOLLY SOMERS** is her friend, but Lorna thinks Molly is Patrick's friend, whose half-brother, **HARRY LOUGHLAND**, has recently tried to make repetitions love to Lorna.

After they have been married a few weeks Patrick announces his intention of going away for a week.

THE PARTING.

**PATRICK** went by the night boat, as he had said. I drove with him to the station—five miles away—in a little light jaunting car. It is not easy to talk sitting one on each side of these queer little carts, and our conversation was intermittent.

He drove—he could never bear anybody else to drive him—and I sat sideways, staring ahead of me into the grey spring evening and trying to form that I had got to come back this way

There was a dull violet mist on the hills, and the little pools of water lying in the roads and fields of which he had once told me before we were married seemed to catch every ray of the setting sun and cast up a million bright reflections.

I had written to Molly and given the letter to Patrick to deliver. I hoped she would come; although I was beginning to dread being at Five Barn Farm by myself.

"And if your mother asks how we're getting along?" Patrick said, abruptly.

I laughed; there had been some such thought in my own mind.

"I suppose I may tell her it might have been worse?" he said, constrainedly, as I did not answer.

"Oh, yes. I suppose it might have been worse," I agreed.

"But not much—eh?" he added.

There was a puffy curl of smoke showing above the dip in the road before us, and I knew that we had almost reached the station. I had come with him purposely to avoid having to say good-bye in the house; not because I thought for a moment that he would wish to kiss me, but perhaps because I was afraid—desperately afraid—that I might want to kiss him, and at the station, of course, it would be impossible.

We left the trap with a boy in the road, and I followed him on to the platform. A man he knew was going by the same train, and, though I was glad of his presence as an additional restraining influence, yet I hated it, too.

Patrick looked at me; and there was a queer sort of nervousness in his face.

"Don't wait about," he said, at last. "It's cold—going dark, too—it'll be pretty dark for you to get back."

He was evidently anxious for me to go. I shook hands with the other man, and Patrick took me out to the trap.

I climbed up and took the reins, and he tucked the rug round my feet. There was a little silence.

"Well—good-bye," I said.

He looked up at me. "If—if you want me, you know," he said in his odd, jerky way of leaving a sentence unfinished.

I nodded. "You—well, good-bye."

I drove off and out into the road, and I suppose he went back on to the platform, but I do not know. I did not turn my head.

There were no sunset tints in the little pools when I drove slowly back over the moor; or if there were I did not see them; perhaps because my eyes were full of tears.

STARTLING NEWS.

**MOLLY SOMERS** came to me as quickly as possible and tried to bring her. I don't know where I have seen so little to see anybody. The excitement of showing her the house and gardens took off something of the desperate loneliness with which I had been battling since Patrick went away.

She admired everything. She was most enthusiastic over the house, and said she could quite understand why I had not wanted to go to London—London was looking its worst, she declared. The winds cut you like a knife, and the streets were full of mud. There were no gloomy, purple, and yellow tints like there were out here.

I showed her all the rooms before we went downstairs; I think I should have passed Patrick's, only she pushed open the closed door herself and asked who it was.

I had to tell her, but I should think she must have guessed by the very masculine look of it. I took her into the room in the house which I had never attempted to alter, and Mrs. O'Hallow had told me with pride that it was just the same now as it had been twenty-five years ago, when "himself" was but a spaldeen.

There were no rugs on the polished floor, and the rafters in the ceiling were so low in places that I often wondered how Patrick managed not to bump his head. The only pictures were sporting prints, and besides the usual furniture there was a big armchair, so big that it looked as if it had been made for two people instead of one, and a table which always held a litter of gloves and riding whips.

I could see Molly taking in every detail with a little eager light in her pretty eyes, but she made no comment, and we went downstairs again.

It was at supper that night (I had given up calling it dinner) that she said suddenly:

"Do you know what I should do if I were you?"

I looked up listlessly; I had been trying all the evening not to notice my husband's empty

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

chair, but somehow Molly seemed to accentuate his absence.

She was looking at me rather anxiously I thought.

"What would you do?" I asked.

"I should have a house-party," she said. "Ask your brother and Lucile, or—well, any of the people you like. Mrs. O'Hallow would like it, and I am sure it would do you good."

"What do you mean?" I asked defensively.

"I'm quite all right."

"You look as if you haven't laughed as much as you ought to have done," she said. "I dare say living out in the country as far as this makes you quiet. But what do you say? Do ask some people while I am here! We could have a good time."

"I don't know many people who would care to come," I replied hesitatingly. "There is Lucile certainly, and Rupert might."

"There's Francis Scott," Molly said. "He'd love it! Oh, do ask Francis."

I am sure she made the request innocently enough. I know that she had not the slightest idea that he had ever asked me to marry him, but I felt myself turning scarlet.

"He'd hate it," I objected. "I'm sure he'd be bored to death."

"Not he!" Molly insisted. "Try him and see."

I promised to think about it. I wrote to Lucile that night and asked her if she would care to come, and I wrote to Rupert.

I wrote also to Francis Scott, and kept the letter back, because somehow in spite of everything, it did not seem fair to Patrick.

I had allowed him to think that I cared for Francis. I had told him to concentrate his about me at the moment, and I supposed that he still believed it to be the truth.

Not that I thought he would be jealous. It wasn't that. It was only that I cared for him so much, and wanted so badly to please him, that I hesitated.

I think at the back of my mind I was waiting to see how long my husband meant to stay away. I felt almost as if Mr. Scott were my trump card, and that I only meant to play him when everything else had failed. I told myself I should let him down to anger if he knew I had invited Francis Scott to the house.

I suppose I lost sight of the fact that for a man to be jealous, he first has to care; and as the days slipped by, and I heard nothing of my husband's intended return, it came to be a sort of obsession with me that I must make him jealous; that I must try and torture him as he had tortured me so many times.

The past I had forgiven, but things that had happened after we were engaged—even after we were engaged—had wounded my heart in a way that I thought sometimes could never heal.

Of all the memories he had given me with which to torture myself that unknown girl whom he would have married but for Aunt Ann's money was the worst. I was sure he must be with her in London: I was positive that it was her photograph he carried in that little book he had given me. I had shown them again and again as I had seen them that windy night on the Hampstead road; they had looked so happy—the girl snug in her fur beside him—and I hated her, how I hated her!

"Lorna, you've got frightfully thin, you know," Molly said to me one day when we were coming home after a long ride. "I think you ride too much," she went on. "Exercise is all very well, but you don't want to overdo it."

"I always was thin," I said, evasively.

I suppose she saw I was annoyed, because she said no more.

We took the horses round to the stables and went in for tea.

There was a big fire burning in the hall, and the odorous smell of peat filled the house. I had dropped down into a chair with a little weary sigh before I saw a man's coat lying on a chair, a coat of a man I knew.

I sat up stiffly. For one wild moment I thought it must be "himself" come home, but the hope died almost at once as a door opened and shut overhead, and the next moment I saw my brother Rupert coming down the stairs.

He shook hands with Molly, and dropped a quick kiss somewhere in the region of my cheek. He looked very pleased and cheery.

" Didn't expect me, eh?" he said. "Thought no—wrote to your solicitors, so can't instead."

"Lorna, you've got a ripping old place here,"

"I know it," Molly agreed.

I was pouring the tea, and Rupert came to hand the cups. I was longing to ask if he had seen Patrick, and what he was doing, and if he had said anything about coming home, but if I had died for it I could not have framed a single question.

Molly helped me.

"Any news about anybody?" she asked. "It's like another world, somehow."

"The master sent her love, and said she'd come over when you'd guaranteed a smooth crossing." He laughed, and went on telling us about some other people. He seemed to mention everyone under the sun except my husband, and at last I could stand it no more.

"And Patrick?" I asked, with an effort.

Rupert looked rather uncomfortable as he answered:

"Well, I've only seen him once. He didn't stay in town, you know. Believe he's gone down to the country somewhere."

Don't miss to-morrow's grand instalment.



**WELLWORTH**

MANUFACTURING FUR CO., Ltd.

**GOOD FUR SALE**

Send at once for Illustrated FUR Sale Catalogue, post free on request.

Call & secure a Bargain.

**DRASTIC REDUCTIONS.**

A few Examples—

Black Seal Coney **FUR**

Costa Seal Coney **FUR**

Goat Collar and

Flounce. Usual price

14/- gns.

Sale Price **8/- gns.**

Choice Seal Coney **FUR**

Costa Seal Coney **FUR**

Cuffs, and Flounce of

Natural Badger Fur.

Usual price

14/- gns.

Sale Price **9/- gns.**

Black Seal Coney **FUR**

in latest stranded

style. Usual price

14/- gns.

Sale Price **55/-**

Natural Walby **FUR**

in latest stranded

style. Usual price

12/- gns.

Sale Price **42/-**



**149, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C. 2.**

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI**—(Gerr. 2645). "The Boy." W. H. Berry. Tonight at 8. Mats., Weds., and Sat., at 2. Matinee, at 3. Post Free. To-morrow

(Wed.) at 8. First Matinee, Thurs., 2.30. Lungs.

**APOLLO**—Nights, at 8.15. "Inside, Please." The Green Room. All Spots. Mat., Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

**COMEDY**—The Comedy, with Arthur Playfair. Ergs., 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15.

**CRITERION**—The Criterion, with Freda Jackson. Ergs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

**DALY'S**—"The Maid of the Mountains." To-day at 2. Every evening, except Tues., at 8.15. Mat., Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

**DRUIDS' LANE**—(Gerr. 2628). "Aladdin." Twice

at 1.30 and 7.30. Box-office, 10 to 12.

**DUKE OF YORK'S**—(Gerr. 2629). "The Duke of York." Tues., Wed., and Sat., 2.30. Thurs., and Sat., 8.15. Mat., Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

**GAIETY**—(Gerr. 2780). "The Beauty Spot." with Reginald Flory. Tonight, at 8.15. Mats., Weds., and Sat., 2.30.

**GAZETTE**—(Gerr. 2781). "The Young Gazette." with Reginald Flory. Tonight, at 8.15. Mats., Weds., and Sat., 2.30.

**GLOBE**—Every Evening, at 8.15. Mat., Wed., and Sat., 2.30, and Every Evening (except Tues., at 8.15). Mat., Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

**HAYMARKET**—"General Post." Daily, at 2.30, and Every Evening, at 8.15. Mat., Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

**KENNINGTON**—(Gerr. 2815). "Heads or Tails." Mat., Wed., and Sat., 2.30. Hot. 100/-

**KINGSWAY**—Bromley Challenor in "When Knights Were Bold." Mats., Daily, 2.30. Ergs., Thurs., 8.15. Mat., Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

**LYCEUM**—"Keane in Romance." Nightly, 8.15. Mat., Tues., and Sat., 2.30.

**PRINCE OF WALES'**—Evenings, at 8. "Yes, Uncle" New musical comedy. Matinees, Wed., and Sat., at 2.30.

**MASQUELLES' THEATRE**—"The Mystery." Langham Place. W. at 2.30 and 8.15. S. at 5. Mat., 8.15.

**OXFORD**—"Grease and Thunder." The Better 'Ole." Tues., Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

**PALACE**—To-night, at 8. "Dances." with Lily Elsie, Thurs., and Sat., 2.30.

**PARADISE**—Nights, at 8.30. "The Yellow Ticket." Gladys Cooper. Mats., Th., Sat., 2.30.

**ST. MARTIN'S**—"Sleeping Partners." Every 8.30. Mat., Tues., and Sat., 2.30. Regency.

**SAFETY**—(Gerr. 2807). "Nelly Miller presents 'Nothing but the Truth.'" Mats., Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

**SHAFTEY**—(Gerr. 2813). Matinees, Wed., and Sat., at 2.30.

**STRAND**—(Mr. A. Aldin's Sonnets).—Ergs., 8.30. Mats., Tues., and Sat., 2.30.

**VAUDEVILLE**—"Cheep!" Harry Grattan's Record

Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

**COVENT GARDEN**—(Gerr. 2814). "The Girl in the Moon." Mrs. Langtry, Stanley Logan, Beale and Babs.

**EMPIRE**—To-night at 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Here and There.

**HIPPODROME**—Daily, 2.30, 8.30, 10.30. Last 2 weeks. Albert de Courville's "Zig-Zag" (in rehearsal). "Boys of Trick." 8.30.

**PALLADIUM**—2.30, 8.30, 10.30. Last 2 weeks. "Crossroads." R. D. Knowles, Madie Scott, Corinne, Jack Pleasant, Fred Barnes

PERSONAL.

LADIES are wanted for the Royal Naval Air Service as Motor Drivers; no matter what your age, you are welcome to apply. Send your application to the Employment Bureau, 12, High-street, S.W.6. Here and There.

Hair permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only—Florrie Wood, 475, Oxford-st., London, E.C. 2.

\* The above advertisements are given at the request of the publishers, and are not to be regarded as advertisements.

Advertisements in Personal Column eight words 5d. 8d. and 10d. per word after name and address of sender must also be sent—Address: Advertisements Manager, "Daily Mirror," 22-25, Bowes-st., London, E.C. 4.

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## Daily Mirror

ENGAGED.



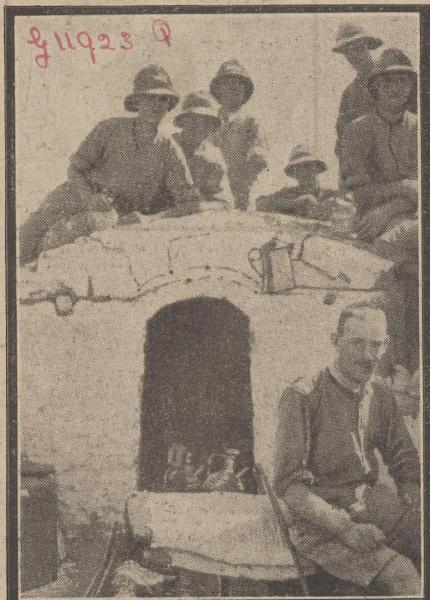
Miss Ruby de Vere Fenn, of Richmond, is to marry, whose engagement to Captain Herbert St. B. Kirkley, of the Dragoon Guards, is announced.

MYSTERY.



Cadet Bryant of the Scottish Engineers Cadets, who was missing at Hamstead, it is said, by chocolates given him by a foreigner.

ONCE TENANTED BY TURKS.



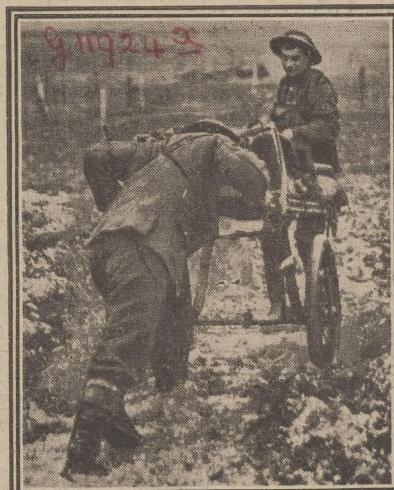
The headquarters of a Turkish battalion commander in Palestine—recently vacated. The British officer in charge found it comfortable.

FUNERAL OF MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD.



The late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild was buried in the Jewish Cemetery at Willesden yesterday. Our photograph shows the coffin being carried from the synagogue to the grave. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

A NEW USE FOR STRETCHERS.



Canadians using a stretcher to bring the kits of wounded soldiers back through the thick Flanders mud. (Canadian official photograph.)

IN "THE LITTLE BROTHER."



Miss Mary Grey, who will appear in the principal part in "The Little Brother," at the Ambassadors to-morrow. A scene from the prologue.

SOME HEROES OF THE WAR WHOSE VALOUR HAS WON FOR THEM A DOUBLE MEED OF HONOUR.



Lieutenant (Acting Captain) Edward Budd, M.C., Irish Guards, Special Reserve, who has been awarded a second bar to the Military Cross, which he gained in May, 1917.



Lieut.-Col. Denis Colman Dwyer, D.S.O., Mounted Rifle Battalion, an officer of the Canadian Force, who has received a bar to his Distinguished Service Order.



Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Carr-Gomm, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., who has been awarded a bar to the Distinguished Service Order, for which he was gazetted in June, 1916.



Captain (Acting Lieutenant-Colonel) Geoffrey Thornton Raikes, South Wales Borderers, who has been awarded a bar to the D.S.O. Three of his brothers have already won the D.S.O.



Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Harry Hoare, D.S.O., Yeomanry, has been awarded a bar to the D.S.O. He was gazetted on June 4, 1917, and has seen much service since the war.